WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

LEONARD A. TOSTER

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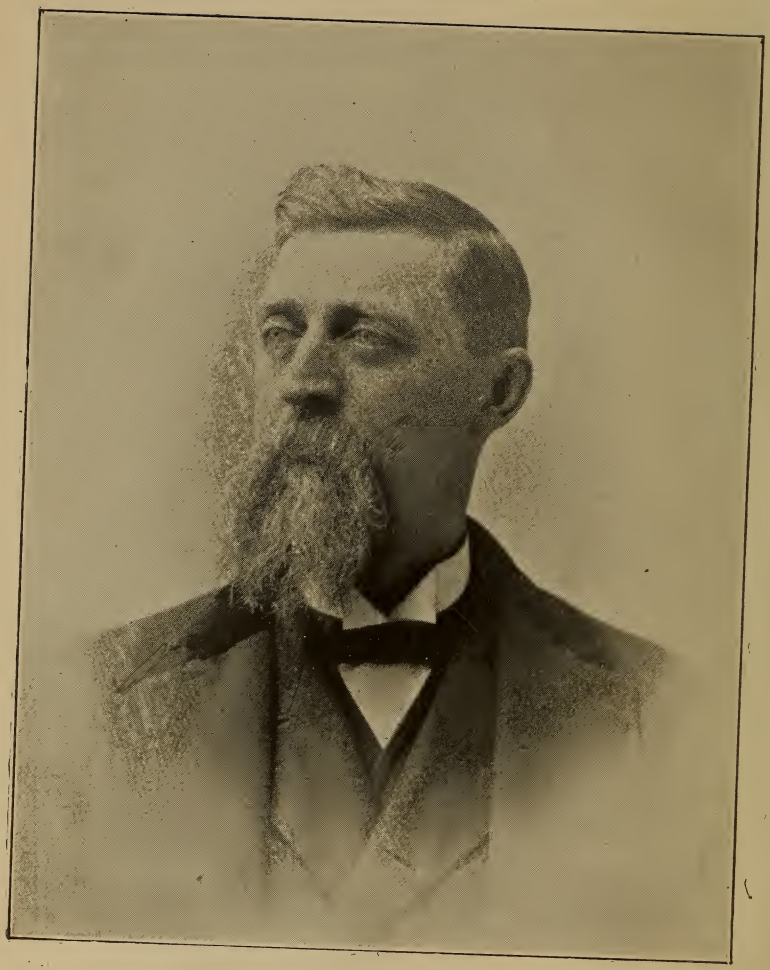

Leonard G. Foster

WHISPERINGS OF NATURE

BY
LEONARD G. FOSTER.
Brooklyn Village, O.

"Nature spells
Her laws by easy syllables
To those who trace o'er pages white
Her index finger tipped with light."

ZULULU, BY MISS H. A. FOSTER.

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TO MY AGED

Father and Mother,

WHO HAVE SAFELY WALKED IN THE PLEASANT, PEACEFUL PATHS OF NATURE, FOR MORE THAN FOUR SCORE YEARS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

Of making many books, there is no end, and much study or reading of them is not a "weariness to the flesh," if each singer has a new song, composed on the keyboard of life's exhaustless harmonies, and sings it out of his own heart.

These poems were written because NATURE'S WHISPERINGS were grand and beautiful, and they could not well be suppressed. With all their defects they came dancing into numbers as naturally as the sunlight shimmers through the leafy branches. They found a responsive rhythm in the whisperings of trees, in chirpings of cricket and bird, and in silent converse held in leisure hours with nature, and with living and departed greatness on the shelves of the library.

The author has sought to catch and hold in verse glimpses of life and the harmony of law and order in their manifest operations in mind and

matter. With a love for the silent hints and whisperings of nature, and with modest, earnest desire to know the hidden springs of truth, he has found in earth and sky, plants and flowers, rain and sunshine, lessons of poetic beauty which inspired the soul to sing in humble, honest harmony (we trust) with nature.

To the critics who may deign to notice this little volume, the author will feel grateful if from their strictures he can find a lesson which will be helpful. But ours is an imperfect world, and this a small contribution to all that has been written, tending, we hope, to make life brighter and better.

L. G. F.

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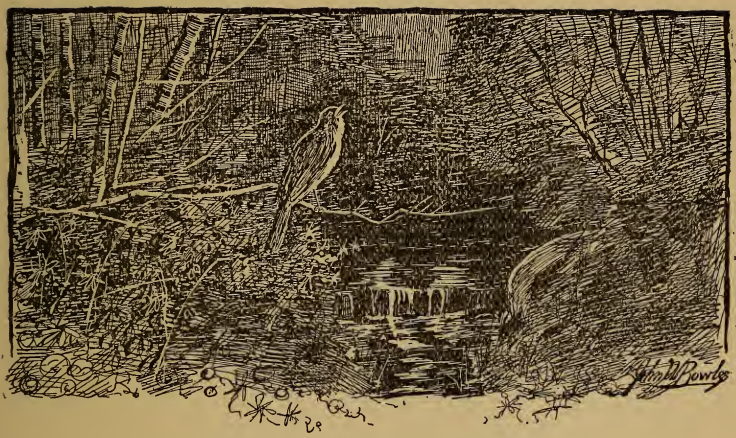
Whisperings of Nature.



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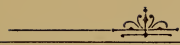
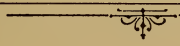


THOSE who love Nature
And her Forces know,
Touch the true chords
Of wisdom here below,
That vibrate through
The Universe of space,
Light the dull souls
And Lift the human race.



WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

IN Nature's store-house grand and vast
Is found all wisdom of the past,
And whisperings from out her store
Will whisper on forevermore.

The cricket's chirp or song of bird
By deaf and dumb can not be heard,
Though some who hear may think it vain—
'Tis music, Nature's sweet refrain!

Some minds the truth will never trace,
Though blazoned bright on Nature's face—
If some are blind, and Choose to be,
Still light is Grand to those who see.

Commune with Nature, read her book,
And you will wear a brighter look!
'Twill give you wisdom, clearer sight,
To learn the Maker's thoughts aright.

In every line, on every page
Are helps adapted to the age;
Who view her works and rightly scan
Find wisdom far surpassing man.

What man has written on life's stage
Seems but a line from out her page—
'Tis like a river deep and wide,
When thirsty songsters sip the tide.

Her volume, truthful, wise and great,
All authors can but imitate;
For, since the flight of time began,
From Nature's book, has written man.

She has no foolish, selfish greed,
But freely gives to all who need.
Why disbelieve what she may say,
When light divine appears each day.

Oh, walk with Nature! In her tracks
Wisdom is found—she deals in facts.
Obey her teachings, Age and Youth!
For when she speaks, she utters truth.

Heed every whisper! You may find
Some hidden truth to bless mankind;
She keeps no treasures hid from sight,
But in due time will show the light.

The sculptor, artist, poet then,
Who uses chisel, brush or pen,
In harmony with Nature's soul,
Will help the race to reach the goal.

Oh, listen then to Nature's voice;
Obey her teachings, and rejoice;
She may reveal some hidden ray,
Changing the darkness into day.

Listen! In matter and in mind
She whispers Help of every kind;
And out of her unfailing store,
Will whisper, whisper—evermore.

APRIL.

WHEN March with keen and chilling breath retires,
Fair April smiles—the sunlight then appears
With keys of magic power, warmth, life and hope,
Releasing earth from Winter's icy clutch;
And streams of sun and rain descend to cheer;
While merry songsters sound their notes of joy,
And vegetation from its death-like sleep
Awakes and teems with resurrected life.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

A THOUSAND thanks! It seems so very kind
That one like me should thus be called to mind.
A "Bach," indeed, and yet I feel elate
When I have sent to me the wedding cake.

It calls to mind the youthful days gone by—
They come not back, for Time doth onward fly;
It launches some upon Life's troubled sea,
But in the double bark it don't catch me.

Few sail secure and safely o'er Life's tide,
While, tempest-tost, the many onward glide.
The waves are high, the billows 'round them roll,
Their barks are stranded ere they reach the goal.

I speak my mind, and yet I do not wish
To counsel others or to "fry their fish;"
If wed they will, may joy their portion be,
But single blessedness, oh, give to me!

In memory's dreams how oft I plainly see
An angel face—the one designed for me—
But when I wake, the vision passes by.
'Tis but a dream! Our lives are so, say I.

So let us live that, when we sail away,
We'll anchor safely in the quiet bay;
And, if the truth be told in Sacred Lore,
We shall unmarried be forevermore!

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

HER eyes were a beautiful blue,
Two windows the soul to look through;
They were large, and loving, and bright
As the stars that twinkle at night.

An intellect charming and wise
Shone out of her beautiful eyes,
With wonderful, angel-like look,
Surpassing all nature to brook.

No rainbow of hope in the skies
Had blue like those beautiful eyes,
Her immortal being shone brignt
As a brilliant glowing with light.

But the light went out of her eyes,
For death came with cruel surprise,
And anxious hearts, weary and sore,
See her beautiful eyes nevermore.

CHILDHOOD.

HOW oft the mind is carried back
To happy days of yore,
When we were children and at play
Around the cottage door!

How oft we took our little sleds,
When snow was on the hill,
And coasted then with childish glee,
As children always will!

How oft we sported on the green
And down the silent glen,
When Spring had come to greet us all
With warm air once again!

How oft we roamed for flowers then
O'er glen and dale and hill,
And 'neath the grand old forest shade,
By cool and sparkling rill!

Who wandered with us, brother, then,
And joined our sports and plays,
With sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks,
In those bright, happy days?

I can hear them in my fancy
As we were wont to hear;
Those same sweet voices sounding yet,
So mild, so sweet and clear!

But, ah! They were too pure of heart
Long on this earth to stay;
And you remember, brother dear,
They came no more to play.

Then mother said they'd gone to dwell
With angels in the sky,
And if we would be kind and good
We'd meet them by-and-by.

DARKNESS.

THE scientists record in language deep
That coal is canned-up, sun-light gone to sleep—
To prove their science or explore it quite,
Just watch it blaze and heed the glowing light.

Behold the change! It burns and brings good cheer
When Winter's cold and Frosty Jack come near.
Would you have warmth in body, keen insight,
Remember! Out of Darkness comes the light!

If minds are dark and wish the truth within,
Cut loose from ignorance and blinding sin;
Then on our path a heavenly light will glow,
And we will have a heaven here below.

Light dwells in darkness, but it will not shine,
Unless it knows and burns with fire divine;
Then we can comprehend by spirit-birth,
If there's a heaven above, there's one on earth.

DESTINY.

COME, gentle Muse! Lend us enchanting power
And inspiration suited to the hour!
Remorseless Time, with shuttle moving fast,
Still weaves the web of Now, but not to last!
The moments come, and Providence and fate
Dwell in the present, at the opening gate,
That swings us outward on the hinge of Time,
Which opens to Elysian fields sublime.
Past joys and sorrows will no longer be,
The Present lives, the Future is to see.
The path of life, as it unfolds to sight,
Has golden opportunities for right,
If, in the Present, we weave threads of gold,
Our harvest will be rich and manifold.
Our feet will walk in paths untrod before;
Our eyes new objects see, new fields explore;
Our ears will catch the sound of loved ones dear;
(But some in silence are too deep to hear;)—
And yet we feel them near and know they be,
For spirits mingle like the waves at sea;

And qualities of body, mind and soul,
Are shaped by Destiny to reach their goal!
May God's soul-knowledge greet our inner sense,
So we may question not Omnipotence!
Receive true wisdom from whom wisdom springs,
Be thankful and resigned for all it brings—
If gold, be grateful; 'tis God's shining sand,
For He who gave, holds all things in His hand—
If kindred dear, affectionate and true,
Prize them as jewels that are lent to you.
A friend, indeed, who can't be bought or sold,
Is worth far more than all his weight in gold.
If knowledge, scatter broad-cast as you go,
For it will banish misery and woe,
Then the dull eye of ignorance may trace
How Time and Destiny have changed the race.
Fair fame, position, honor and renown,
Are earth-born castles reared to tumble down;
They flee away as shadows quickly pass,
As morning dew upon the meadow grass.
Great Alexander wept when first he knew
That worlds to conquer were so very few!
The mines of gold and silver God has made,
Lie deep within the mountains' rocky shade;

The earth and air, the sea and starry sky
Show His great wisdom—need we question why?
The sun shines on, unceasing in his flight,
And floods the worlds with rays of wondrous light.
He gives unsparingly by night and day:
I wonder why he wasteth not away!
It is God's mighty lamp held out to burn,
That whosoever will, may look and learn!
Think you (I sing no philosophic strain!)
Back of the sun is He who lights that flame!
Back of the Made the Maker always lives,
Maintains, controls, and governs all He gives!
Back of Creation a Creator stands
And holds all Destiny within His hands.

EPWORTH LEAGUE ODE.

A SONG.

OH! the Epworth League
Has power indeed
For a plant so young and bold!
It is reaching out,
Growing grandly stout,
Bringing lambs into the fold.

What the churches need
Is the Epworth League
To supply the young with light,
And to start them straight
Ere it is too late;
To keep them in the right.

Many million strong,
Are subduing wrong
With spirits happy and bright;
And they watch and pray
Up the shining way,
Leading souls into the light.

For the soul is fed
On the living bread
By asking with spirit right;
And, as morning ray
Changes night to day,
So the blind receive their sight.

Love the Epworth League
And your spirits feed
On Immortal Truth divine—
Then the soul will grow
And its Maker know,
For the light within will shine.

Oh! Ye happy throng!
Speed the truth along—
Like the sunlight let it spread!
Scatter Spirit-worth
All around the earth,
Giving souls the living bread!

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

LET those forgive, and let those, too, forget,
Who with vain, foolish longing and regret
Pine o'er bright dreams departed long ago,
Bringing unhappiness and sometimes woe.
Life is too short to trifle thus. 'Tis clear,
What was is past, what is concerns us here!

We cannot change a providence, a fate,
By yearnings of the soul that come too late.
What wonder, then, if Hope, a rainbow bright,
Depart forever into rayless night,
And leave no star to guide, no joyous track
By which a loving soul could journey back!

What then? Remember, after night the day
Will come, and bring with it a healing ray!
After the thunder cloud and storm are o'er,
The air we breathe is purer than before!
Why is it so? The wise and unseen hand
That governs destiny can understand!

What seems as sad and gloomy as the grave
May lead to some Aladdin's wondrous cave.
What seems to some a cruel, heartless fate
May open wide some fair Elysian gate
Where love abounds, and peace and growth of soul
Are shaped by Destiny to reach the goal—
Let those forgive, and let those, too, forget,
And cease vain, foolish longing and regret.

THE (NEW) GAME LAW.

REJOICE, ye farmers! Swing your hats on high!
Our legislators are brave men, say I.
The Game Law's passed! No hunter shall be found
Now trespassing upon forbidden ground.

Ye merry songsters, sing your songs of joy!
You shall not be disturbed by man or boy.
"Your habitations in the tree tops green
Seem half-way houses" toward the great unseen.

Come now, O partridge! Sound your drum at will!
Beat long and loud! The hunter shall not kill.
Come, feathery tribes, and fearless, sing and fly!
We are your friends—you shall no longer die!

Come out, O ground hog! Show yourself and grin!
You need not see your shadow and go in!
But stay awhile and freedom's air partake,
And make our Springs hereafter not so late!

Come now, ye coon and rabbit, fox and deer!
Forsake your hiding places! Do not fear!
No longer shall the hound bay after you,
And man with eagerness your life pursue.

In England, in the chase, the Nobles there
Destroy the poor man's crop for fox or hare;
But here in Freedom's land, there's no such stain!
We think not all of Blood, but some of Brain.

Be glad, O gamester! Heave no wicked sigh!
Tie up your hounds, and "keep your powder dry!"
Of game of every kind you've caused a dearth;
Your deeds of slaughter equal Killingworth.

Rejoice, ye farmers! Raise no more your ire!
'Tis true, your woods and barns have been afire;
But curse no more, for legislators true
Have changed the old law, and we have the new.

GOD'S NECTAR.

O, quaff the pure nectar that comes from thesky!
For all nature teaches DRINK WATER OR DIE!
It comes and refreshes, in dew drop and rain;
Like all things created it comes not in vain!

It brings with it blessings unnumbered, untold,
Surpassing pearls, diamonds, bright silver and gold!
Our earth would be parched, and the ocean be dry,
If bright, sparkling water came not from the sky.

O, drink the clear nectar the clouds freely give,
That all life may flourish and prosper and live!
No poison's distilled in the liquid above—
That fountain is pure, for its mixture is LOVE.

Behold the clear crystals the winter clouds sow,
Descending in flakes of the beautiful snow,
When kissed by the sun with a radiance bright,
They go from the earth on the Ladder of Light!

How strange it would seem, how surprisingly
queer,
If out of the clouds should descend wine and beer,
And showers of rum, brandy, whiskey and gin,
To blight and to curse with their demons of sin!

Oh, would the old topers and soakers feel gay,
Receiving their drinks, having nothing to pay?
Would their earthly abodes lose beauty and light,
And plagues worse than Egypt enshroud them in
night?

O, methinks that all life would soon perish and
die!
That man, beast and bird would surely get high!
That fish in the streams, be they sucker or trout,
Would surely be topers within and without!

O, drink then the Nectar that nature imparts
From vapor, cloud, fountain, from Master of Arts!
No fields have the wisest and thirsty yet trod
And found a drink better than Nectar of God.

GOD IN NATURE.

BUT a gleam of life have we,
'Twixt the known and unknown sea,
Boundless, limitless and vast
Are the future and the past,
In the present we are cast.

Outward, onward, swift we sail,
Whether rough or prosperous gale;
And our wisest men agree,
We but little know and see
Of the voyage that is to be.

Men with eager eye and ear
Would the angels see and hear,
But so feeble is the sense
To explore Omnipotence,
That no sound is heard from thence.

Men with scientific light
Read the starry heavens by night;
And with telescopic eye
See the worlds unnumbered fly,
But their God they cannot spy!

He is hid! But far and near,
Everywhere His works appear;
Omnipresence Man can trace,
Though we cannot see His face,
For He's hid in every place.

In the rocky depths below,
In the ocean's ebb and flow,
In the rolling of the sphere's,
In the swiftly changing years,
He all life and soul appears!

In the rain and rainbow bright,
In the darkness, in the light,
God is in creation's plan,
Mindful of the needs of man;
Love, adore Him while you can!

He is apprehended here,
Not by sense of eye or ear,
But by qualities within
Corresponding, free from sin,
As the King of Light has been.

All in boundless space can read,
Love is everywhere God's creed;
Read His book of nature right!
Catch its gleams of love and light!
Shun the atheistic night!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

NOW fifty years have passed away
Since father's, mother's wedding day!
So, with dear friends, we meet them here
With cordial love and bounteous cheer.

The table groaned beneath its load
Of viands on us all bestowed.
Thus may our friendship always be
Forever boundless, true and free.

The past is gone; through joy and tears
They safely journeyed fifty years!
What kept them thus through every weather?
Love, that knit their hearts together!

Life has its sunshine and its shade;
By love the years are golden made;
While envy, malice, hate and strife
Becloud the dearest joys of life.

We know that Time will change our treads,
That silver locks may deck our heads;
Our brows may show their furrows bold;
But, ah! The spirit ne'er grows old!

Oh, blissful thought! That from this clay
The spirit lives and soars away
To realms before, beyond, above,
Where all is peace and joy and love!

We hope, as glide away the years,
Care will be banished with all fears,
And, should they see another score,
May each be brighter than before!

We now this benediction give:
O! Live to love, and love to live!
And when we tread the streets of gold,
May all grow young and not grow old!

ODE ON IMMORTALITY.

WHEN man and his Maker
Have spirit communion,
There is love, joy and peace
In Grandest of union;
And mankind, obeying
The laws of their being,
Will grow in true wisdom
And knowledge and seeing.

Then rays of effulgence
The soul will illumine,
And beauty immortal
Will shine from the human,
And man from his blindness
And ignorance hoary
Will climb up the mountain
Of light, and of glory.

INDIAN EVOLUTION.

A LEGEND.

LISTEN to an Indian legend,
A tradition of the Red man,
Handed down through generations
From the days long since forgotten;
How the Manitou, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Called the first man into being.
Close beside the Mississippi,
The great Father of the Rivers,
Lived a Snail in peace and quiet,
Till the rains in great abundance
Swelled the streams to overflowing;
Till the mighty, rushing waters,
Rising higher! higher! higher!
Overflowed the Mississippi,
Flooding all the verdant landscape.
So the Snail was in great danger,
Was in fear of inundation,
And upon a log he ventured,

And, while thus, the log was lifted
By the rising of the waters;
And he soon was sailing! sailing!
Down the rapid moving current,
Down the Father of the Waters,
And ere long his bark was stranded
On a treacherous shore, and viscous,
Where in vain he sought sure footing,
But found only mud and mire;
And he slowly creeping, creeping,
Found that he was sinking, sinking,
Deeper as he struggled onward.
Then the sun in heaven uprising,
Cast his beams of fire upon him,
Dried the slime and mud about him,
Baked him in secure and firmly;
Finding all his struggles useless,
Faint with hunger and exposure,
He unto despair was turning,
When, behold! a transformation
Marvelous was undergoing;
He in wondrous size increasing,
Seemed into a monster changing;
Legs were growing downward from him,

Head and arms were upward growing,
He into a man was turning.
When complete the transformation,
Out he stood upon the margin,
Changed into a human being,
Perfect now in form and feature,
Like the image of his Maker,
Stood he naked, weak and weary,
And exposed to cold and hunger.
Birds beheld he flying round him,
Animals on land before him,
But as food he knew not of them,
Knew not they were food and clothing!
Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit came unto him.
Spoke his name in tones of kindness,
Pitied him for lack of knowledge,
Had compassion on his weakness,
Changed his destitute condition;
Brought to him a bow and arrow,
Taught him skillfully to use it,
Saw a deer approaching near them,
Sent an arrow flying through it,
Saying, "This is food and clothing,"

And it lifeless stretched before them.
Then the Manitou, the Mighty,
Filled the man with awe and wonder,
While a miracle performing
With a stone he smote asunder,
As he struck the twain together,
From some unseen spring of wisdom
Hid within the stony structure,
Sparks of fire came outward flying,
Lit the wood in blaze before them;
Thus it was that fire was kindled,
Given man by the Creator!
Then the Spirit showed him plainly
All its various uses to him,
Cooked the venison and gave him,
And his hunger soon abated;
Cold and weariness departed.
Then the Manitou, the Mighty,
Taught him how to make a garment
From the deer's skin he had taken
With his faithful bow and arrow;
Told him furs were made to shield him
From the elements around him,
From the wind and rainy seasons,

From the cold and snowy winters.
Then a string of wampum gave he,
Round his neck he placed it, saying:
"Wampum is the badge of honor;
This, authority will give you
Over all the things created,
Over bear, and deer, and bison,
Over birds of every feather,
Creeping things, and fish in water."
After speaking words of wisdom,
Giving counsel and instruction,
The Great Spirit then departed,
In the misty evening vapor,
To the portal of the moonlight,
To the land where fair Nokomis
Fell from out the swinging grapevine
Down to earth through evening twilight.
Thus ascended the Instructor,
The Great Spirit of all wisdom
To the regions of the moonlight.
Then the Red man journeyed westward,
Met the Ahmeek as he journeyed,
And his wampum necklace showed him,
Saying: "Now submit, Oh, beaver!

This the Manitou has given
Unto me as king and ruler
Over all the things created."
But the beaver, him persuading,
Bade him journey homeward with him,
To the lodges of the beaver.
So they journeyed on together,
Passed the beaver's dam in safety,
Reached the Ahmeek's habitation
Built of logs secure and firmly;
And the beaver's wife and children,
With the greatest kindness greeted,
Spread their choicest viands for him,
Saying: "You are welcome, stranger!
We are glad you come to see us
In our log house by the water."
Soon a sudden inspiration
Came upon him as he wondered
How the beaver's habitation
Could be built secure and comely;
Thus he learned the art of building;
From the beaver's lodge he learned it,
Learned to frame and build his wigwam,
By the Father of all Waters,

So that future generations
Ever after built their wigwams,
Built their lodges in the forest,
On the muscoda, the meadow,
On the weird and wide prairies,
And beside the falling waters.
Soon he loved the Ahmeek's daughter,
And demanded her in marriage;
His demand was duly granted,
And the marriage celebrated.
Great the wedding feast that followed,
Greatest known in all that region
Round about the beaver's dwelling;
All the birds in air were bidden,
And the fishes in the water,
All the animals invited!
All were bidden, all were welcome,
And with great rejoicing feasted;
Thus it was that he was married,
Wedded to the Ahmeek's daughter;
And from out that happy union
All the red race have descended.
Now is ended this strange story,
How the Red Man was created,

Coming to us, not from Eden,
Nor from Darwin's Evolution,
But far backward in the twilight
Of the unremembered ages?

INSURANCE BANQUET POEM.

Toast—"INVITED GUESTS."

INVITED Guests! This gracious Banquet spread
Is for the living (not the silent dead);
For sentient beings, we who eat to live,
This bountiful repast this Council give.
Hail! happy Council! Ere you reach the goal,
We thank you for this feast and flow of soul!
Your grand Insurance, royal in its power,
Would teach us wisdom, in this passing hour.
Your noble purpose points to Nature's Book,
And man can read if he will only look!
No superstition there beclouds the mind;
No creed of man, or dogma there we find;
For to protect and shield our kindred dear
Was one of God's first laws implanted here,
Planted within true, loving hearts to grow;
And may it never cease its outward flow!
Unselfish love within your Council lies,
A God-like principle that never dies!
'Twill live as long as God whose wisdom great

Permits the human heart to palpitate.
Your motives, pure and God-like, send a ray
To chase the darkest hours into the day.
With hearts unselfish and with object true,
You live for others ere you bid adieu—
Adieu to friends and kindred, earth and strife,
To reach that Other and that Better Life.
Far back in legendary days of old
A wierd tradition of a yonth is told.
His name was Phalen, and, as history shows,
He was related to the Pharaohs.
Thebes' oriental splendor round him shone;
But, as he grew, his heart became a stone;
Within his selfish soul, (excepting pelf,)
There nothing was enthroned but his dear Self.
He grew to manhood, sensual and gross,
A miser, heartless, wilful and morose.
His features, cruel and malignant, show
That wickedness within will outward grow;
'Tis Nature's law. If tares are sown, 'tis plain
We cannot reap the ripe and golden grain.
He started for the Nile to end his days,
And on his way a blind man met his gaze;
He asked for food with starved and haggard look,

And Phalen from his well-filled pocket took
A handful of stray coins and left them there,
Received the beggar's blessing and a prayer.
As through the gates of Thebes he slowly went,
With mind upon his wicked purpose bent,
The spirit-life began to strive within
To free his dead and carnal mind from sin;
When, lo! To him there came a peace, a glow,
That mortals first must feel before they know.
Thus filled with light and joy and love, 'tis said,
A noble, pure and God-like life he led.
All who beheld him then could clearly trace
The image of his Maker in his face.

We sentient entities that think and know,
Should let the gulf-streams of our souls o'erflow;
Give all the graces of the spirit place
To bless mankind and help the human race.
The theologian, Talmage, truly said:
"Be wise! Upon the waters cast your bread!
For worse than Infidel, and more unkind,
Is he who leaves no Policy behind!"
Be like John Howard, or a Nightingale—
For noble deeds of kindness never fail;

They'll live when time eternity does keep,
When long and selfish prayers have gone to sleep.
Be true to nature, and her laws obey,
And we frail mortals will not go astray.
No fields have science or religion trod,
That change one law in nature; 'tis of God!
Insure your Immortality, and bring
Your SOUL-LIFE to the Banquet of the King!

JACK FROST.

O ICY Frost! You've nipped us once again!
Your breath is chilling, and 'tis loving, too.
You cause a thrill of gladness, Frosty Jack—
A tear of sadness for the healing dew.

The dew has been a friend, a loving friend,
Refreshing trees and plants and buds and flowers;
It dropped them tears of promise and of hope;
They sipped its sweetness in the evening hours.

O Frost! You changed the warm and healing dew
To icy crystals; and your chilling breath
Nips vegetation with a keenness rare,
And causes blackness and decay and death.

O cruel Frost! The sun will pay thee back.
He'll pierce thee, and the dew drops will appear.
Your dead and dying he will not restore;
They needs must wait another growing year.

O loving Frost! We'll credit you some good.
With chilling footsteps you have chased away
The noxious insects from the field and wood;
For this we thank thee and we bid thee stay.

For noiseless and unbidden you will climb
To dizzy heights, and with your chilly hand
Drop down the autumn fruitage willingly
Which grateful hearts will gather o'er the land.

An artist, thou! No goddess from the skies
Can paint so fleet and beautiful as you.
You brush all nature into gorgeous dyes
With pure and sparkling silent evening dew.

You touch the leaves of green with magic wand,
And pluck and cast them variegated down.
Behold! prismatic at our feet they lie!
The crimson, scarlet, yellow, dark and brown!

You clutch in air the foul malaria's breath,
And, without poison, cause its certain death.
The doctors, anxious, look for Frosty Jack,
And learn, in Yellow Fever he's no quack.

A hint! Friend Jack! The magic wand you wield
Has feeling in it; and the starving poor
With shoeless feet, will chide thee lovingly,
If you will *gently* tap their cheerless door.

So, now, farewell! Ah, no, you needs must stay!
And when the winter evenings come and pass,
We'll crack your gifts, and kiss your shining face,
While you are peeping through the window glass.

And when the summer time again appears,
The sun will melt thee into gladness, back;
And we shall anxious wait your coming feet,
O cruel, loving, changing Frosty Jack!

JERRY FITCH.

'TWAS cider and beer,
Jerry Fitch did not fear;
He thought he could always say no!
The monster grew fast,
And it conquered at last,
And gave him a death-dealing blow.

Discharged from the mills
For his drinking what kills;
"'Twas the Boss," men said with a shrug.
Shame, ruin, disgrace,
He will now have to face,
For hugging the "little brown jug."

He sent men away
To receive poorer pay,
Who had a fierce struggle for pelf;
Now tables are turned,
And a hard lesson learned,
(He knows how it is now himself!)

'Twas strong drink, they say,
That has turned him away
From two thousand income a year.
Still legions now die,
Gulping down the Old Rye,
Wine, whiskey, and vile lager beer.

Now what will he do
Is a puzzle for you!
Go, ponder in sorrow the past,
And earn now his bread
With an empty swelled head,
Or play up the beggar at last.

When partially tight,
He was in for a fight,
And walked as if he were "half corned;"
Men said, as they joked,
He's been throttled and choked,
Blown out the small end of the horn.

Oh! Pity him now,
With a wife's saddened brow
And fine children growing for ill!
'Tis a sorrowful blow,
And we feel as we know,
'Tis drink that has mastered his will.

Brave women! True blue!
Of the grand C. T. U.
Are doing far more than men can.
They go in Christ's name
The debauched to reclaim,
Restoring God's image to man.

They saved Jerry Fitch,
Who was down in the ditch,
(Good women, angelic and true!)
From the demon's foul clutch
They have saved many such—
The grand, noble, brave C. T. U.!

March up into light,
Oh, ye people in night,
And vote out intemperance wrong!
Then Soul Light will shine,
Making man more divine,
And angels repeat the Birth Song.

"Help! Help!" is the word;
Let the nations be stirred;
With ballots the women will win;
They'll vote and they'll pray;
Those two weapons will stay
The monstrous dark tide-wave of sin.

Give *suffrage* to them!
Be not children, be men!
For friends, home and country may fall.
He's mighty and stout,
But we must Vote him out,
The old demon, KING ALCOHOL!

KING ALCOHOL.

WE read of haughty kings in histories lore,
Who caused the land to drink of human gore,
Of monarchs, too, who, with tyrannic power,
Have slain their thousands in a single hour;
Of Xerxes old, of Alexander Great,
Whose track was blood, who homes made desolate.
Behold King William and Napoleon! They
With hostile armies swept the brave away;
And want and famine, woe and death, I ween,
Could on their track in every place be seen.
But, ah! There is a king who holds his sway
In every clime, he rules the kings to-day;
He is a blighting, cursing, damning elf,
And rules the man who does not rule himself;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor—they fall!
This king is mighty—'tis King Alcohol!
He goes not like the warrior out to fight,
To right the wrong, but always wrongs the right.
All that is noble, pure and God-like given,
He robs his victims of—yea, even heaven!

What does he offer for a recompense?
Not blooming health, and peace and competence!
Behold the wrecks that strew his path, and see
What devastation, woe and misery!
Full eighty thousand in his ranks each year
Fall by the way; and, yet, it doth appear,
That eighty thousand more, young, old and gay,
Step in his ranks and thus are swept away.
Oh! Ye who would this monster stay and kill,
Come in our ranks and fight him with a will.
Have ye not read the awful mandate given:
"No drunkard ever can inherit heaven!"
How can you then be neutral in this war?
You are against us, if you are not for.
Then will you still behold your fellow-man
March on to death and give no helping hand?
Not e'en a call of warning to come back
And walk once more the bright and shining track?
Ah! Down they go to death and dark despair,
Where none can save, no aid can reach them there!
Oh! Be ye not like one we read of old,
Who built a mansion splendid to behold,
And rain descended, and the wind did blow,
And laid his mansion fair in ruins low.

He was a very foolish, thoughtless man,
For he had built his house upon the sand.
Come then with us and join some Christian flock
And build, Oh! build thy house upon the Rock!
"Oh!" Do you say: Your muse is strange and queer!
You'd have us quit our wine and lager beer,
Our whiskey, brandy, gin and rum, and all,
And serve no more our king, King Aicohol!
Pray tell us, if you can, what do you think
We'd have on earth that's really fit to drink?"
You cause a smile; and yet it cannot be
That you are deaf and dumb and cannot see!
What do the plants drink? And the trees and flowers,
That grow and beautify this earth of ours?
What do the fishes drink? Must I relate
In what they live and move and navigate?
Think you, they'd live a week, a month, a year,
And swim in whiskey, wine or lager beer?
What do the birds drink? That bright, joyous throng,
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song;
"Whose habitation in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!"—
Think you, vain man, they'd half so sweetly sing
To drink of brandy-smash and whiskey-sling?
What does the earth drink when it's parched and dry?
To nourish all, without which all would die?
'Tis sparkling water! To all nature given
In gentle showers sent down to earth from heaven!
Oh! drink this nectar! learn, 'tis nature's plan,
For all are full of rosy health but man.
Come, then, with us! Come young, come old, come all,
And slay this deadly foe—KING ALCOHOL!

LIGHT.

WHEN naught but darkness filled the trackless void,
Around, above, beneath! God said, "Let there
Be light!" And lo! the shining worlds, lit with
His radiant face, twinkled and sparkled in
The vaulted sky, and darkness then was day.
Let us praise God for Light! Let us praise Him!

Behold all nature beaming now with smiles!
She upward looks to kiss the King of day,
For light is life and darkness death; and earth
In form and beauty soon appears, dons her
Gay robe of glory and of green, while in
The balmy air a fragrance sweet proclaims
A Paradise on earth for man, the light
Has dawned and fills the universe with joy.
Let us praise God for light! Let us praise Him!

There is a light (not of celestial spheres)
That lights the human soul, and man again
Reflects the radiance of his Maker's face,
For in His image he was purely made;
It is the soul's light from the Deity;
Let us welcome that light, for God is light!
Let us praise Him for light! Let us praise Him!

There is a darkness in the human soul,
And man to live, must upward turn his gaze,
Throw wide the windows of his soul, and let
The King of Glory in—for He is light!
And those who drink the soul-light of His soul
Will be like Him and "Will see Him as He is!"
Let us praise God forever! Let us praise Him!

TOAST.

"THE OLD POETS."

THE stars above that lit the natal sky
Still shine in beauty as the ages fly;
So Ancient Poets, tuned to love of song,
Light up the ages as they march along.

Chautauqua Circles catch their rays of light
Descending to them from that far-off night.
Give honor due the past poetic host—
They're with us here in spirit and in toast!

ON THE FARM.

IN searching past chronology,
The first primeval pair
Were in the Maker's garden placed
'Midst Eden's beauty rare—
And some way or another, when
A youth—I can't tell why—
I kindly took to farming for
It somehow caught my eye,
And I believed it honorable
For man to till the soil
And earn an honest livelihood
By humble, patient toil.

But business men, and pedagogues,
And lawyers—not a few—
Have said: "Oh, quit your farming,
It is not the place for you.
This drudging life out on a farm
From early morn till night
Will do for dolts and colored folks,
Not for a man that's white."

In spite of such philosophy
To-day I'm farming still,
And turning up the stubborn soil
With hearty free good will.

We were land-poor when we began.
We often heard it said:
"There come our poor relations now!
O, my! How country-bred!"
We heeded not their slights and jeers—
They've passed and had their day;
The noses that turned up at us
Now turn the other way.
Our poverty has changed to wealth,
Our land commands a price,
And those who seldom noticed us
Are now quite over-nice.

'Twas only "Bob" they cared to know
And passed him with a frown;
Now, all in smiles, they raise their hats,
"Good morning, Colonel Brown."
In church I notice quite a change;
The sittings seem more free;

The doors are open wider now;
The ushers bow to me.
I can't believe that MORAL WORTH
Has made a fellow win—
But is it not because we have
A little more of "TIN?"

The panacea must be wealth;
Our occupations then
Are seldom put into the scales
(I mean the scales of men!)
They measure us by lines of gold,
Count up our paltry pelf.
Oh! Thou, who weighest others thus,
Don't fail to weigh thyself;
For in the great HEREAFTER we
May never change our plans—
"We shall know as we are known
In the house not made with hands!"

Vain man! Has Reason left her throne,
And something else instead
Now causes you to shun the poor
Who sows the grain for bread?

Why not despise the fertile soil,
The sunshine, and the rain,
The autumn and the springtime when
Things come and bloom again?
Let dreaded famine stalk the land,
When scanty boards are spread,
You will the farmers' toil bless then,
And ask your God for bread.

Once weighed in God's own balance
In the coming by-and-by,
We shall have eternal justice
With His all-seeing eye!
We shall, doubtless, understand
In that land beyond the sea
That scales were never made by man,
That weigheth you and me;
And we shall then be satisfied
When in that Eden fair,
If weighed and not found wanting
IN THE BALANCES UP THERE!

OUTWARD BOUND.

WE outward are bound sailing swiftly away,
Whence, whither or where? is the question to-day;
In the current of life our barques are adrift,
And we are borne onward amazingly swift.
Is it possible here for mortals to know
Which way they are tending, above or below?
Can science, religion or reason shed light
On the realms of day or the regions of night?
Can spirits departed to glory and bliss,
Commune with the pilgrims that journey in this?
All this we believe, and we know that they can,
For spirits, like God, have communion with man!
Why question the whither, the whence or the where—
If God knows and we know, why should we care?

See worlds without number all moving in space
With wonderful harmony, wisdom and grace;
They shine without wasting, unceasingly shine,

Declaring a knowledge eternal—divine!
He who lights the worlds in the fathomless night,
Can give to His children a heavenly light;
Can trim their dim lamps; put a light in the soul,
As clear and as bright as the planets that roll.
His mercy endureth! Oh! Taste and then know
That spirits departed, are sent here below—
That spirits on earth can immortalized be
And mingle with others, like waves in the sea.
Let science, religion and reason combine;
For God is "Our Father" and we are Divine!
Why question the whither, the whence or the
where,
If God knows and loves us, why should we care?

Why question God's power, ye mortals in clay?
The house that we live in will soon pass away.
If darkness dwells in you and dim is your sight,
Let God make your Being immortal with light!
"He knoweth our frame!" And His children of
earth
Have wonderful transforming powers in Birth!
He illumines the soul with rays of His grace;
Then shines from the mortal an immortal face,

Then heavenly peace like the ocean will roll
And wash out the gulf-stream of sin in the soul;
Then soaring, ascend where angels have trod
To glory celestial, the presence of God;
See glorified spirits in raiment of white
Ascending, descending, God's Ladder of Light!
The song of redemption they sing, we may know:
"He's redeemed us! And washed us whiter than snow!"
So pilgrims of earth from this sin-laden clod,
By law of their being climb upward to God.
Why question the whither, the whence or the where?
If God knoweth all things, why should we care.

PEACE.

LIST! A silent voice is heard,
Positive as song of bird,
Bringing joy and peace within,
Cleansing and subduing sin,
Strive, obtain and enter in.

Enter into joys untold,
Wait not for the streets of gold;
Who can tell while here on earth
What immortal souls are worth,
Peace is in the growing birth.

For in growth, celestial sight
Brings the noonday out of night,
Gives us Evolution power
That transform, (like sun and shower,)
Souls into an Eden Bower.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THREE centuries have almost passed, since on
The weird Atlantic Coast, weary and faint
The lonely Pilgrims stood on Plymouth Rock,
To brave the hardships great, to us unknown.

How swift the Scythe of Time its onward march
Pursues and mows the nations down—they come
And go, like rain descending from the clouds,
To bless or curse the earth. The human streams
Run high, and swell and overflow their banks,
Their waters crimson-dyed by cruel wars,
By martyrs slain, contending for the right—
By men whose dark and superstitious views
The flight of time has NEVER WASHED AWAY.

PROGRESS.

THIS is an age of progress, wisdom, light,
When Science, soaring, takes an upward flight;
When knowledge, truth and reason should control
And lift from ignorance the growing soul;
When men of brain and will, by climbing high,
Can pluck the secrets from the starry sky,
Or, delving deep in earth or sea or air,
Can find God's hidden treasures everywhere.
No fields in space so rich and manifold
But Wisdom's key unlocks the shining gold.
The Iron Horse was fleet, but in the chase
The Lightning Steed appears and wins the race.
Soon in the air some lofty ship will sail
And leave the noisy, dusty, iron rail.
Why grope in darkness, then? From out the sky
A thousand unseen voices answer, "Why?"
From out the dark, unfathomed, restless deep
A thousand warnings come: "O! Do not sleep!"
Why tarry, then? From boundless fields of waste

Ten thousand voices call and bid thee haste.
Volcanoes, thunder, earthquakes' mighty shock
Proclaim the ages written on the rock.
Old Father Time, he pauses not, though gray,
To drop this passing moment on his way.
It took the flight of all the ages past
To bring this day, the eldest not the last.

Be up and Growing! Let some truth divine
Shine on your pathway, o'er the sands of time!
All things are moving, systems roll in space,
Nothing needs progress like the human race.
Let ignorance play not the coward's part,
To shut the eyes of mind or chill the heart!
Let creeds of men, however new or old,
Cramp not thy intellect or wrong thy soul!
TRUTH changes not for bishop, priest or pope—
It is the happy harbinger of hope.
TRUTH is divine, and like the morning's ray,
Scatters the darkness and brings in the day—
It is the bow of promise to the race,
And those who will may wear an honest face.
No need of miracles upon this clod
To make one more a man or less a God.

All laws in nature, rightly understood,
Are God's expression for the greatest good.
The supernetural is the natural plan
When ignorance is driven out of man.
Where Science spreads her knowing wings to fly,
There Superstitious dogmas fade and die.
Man needs no hidden, supernatural sight,
For he's immortal, and his Father, Light.

Not all can see alike, feel, think, or know.
For God in His great wisdom willed it so.
Some in the dug-out sail. O, let them float!
Do not condemn, but take a better boat!
Not all who paddle in the sea of chance
Can hoard a million by mere circumstance.
Not all who sail the sea of life may know
What demons lurk around to overthrow.
Not all who teach and preach, and watch and pray,
May anchor safely in the quiet bay.
Those who have joy and peace and love within,
Can sail out safely from this world of sin;
And, like the five wise virgins, "not too late,"
May reach THE CITY through THE PEARLY GATE.

Open thy soul for wisdom, love and grace,
And let the Lamp of God light up thy face.
Throw open wide the windows of thy soul
And let the FIRST GREAT CAUSE illume the whole.
Cramp not thy soul by creed, or ism's blight,
But climb the Ladder, Progress, into Light.

PSYCHOLOGY.

WHAT are environments but possibilities—
Given the Spirit here, to find derivatives,
To ascend starry heights of the unknowable,
To descend valleys deep of unexplorable!

Where is Omnipotence, all power bestowing,
The only Omniscient, all-seeing, all-knowing?
Hid in the universe, felt by maturity!
Unfathomed! Fathomless e'en in futurity!

When will humanity, versed in psychology,
Learn by true wisdom a better theology!
When knowledge and reason—uplifting! eternal!
Sends IGNORANCE downward to regions infernal.

Then light will illumine the soul's habitation,
And darkness will vanish with illumination,
And the spirit will know by power transforming
That souls "Born of Flame" have immortal
adorning.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

SOME scientists of this enlightened age
Grow in true wisdom—others are not sage—
Their books speak well of scientific light,
But claim religious truth to be a blight,
The Bible written in the ages past,
They think it fabulous from first to last.
Their evolution theory breathes a vein
That makes Mosaic history seem to wane.
Religion and fair science have their sway;
But one is Darkness, and the other Day;
A conflict great exists between the twain;
But one must live, the other must be slain.

Vain man! From whence does true religion spring?
From whence true science plume her lofty wing?
From the same source—God is the fountain head—
On pinions full of light to man they sped;
'Twas at Creation's dawn the worlds above
In wondrous beauty shone, to show His love.
Then man was made to learn and reason o'er

A few stray pebbles on this sandy shore.
Two books God gave—though different in kind—
One is the book of Nature—one, the Mind;
One universal book, impartial given,
We all can read, and thus ascends to heaven.

Vain man! Has Reason quit her lofty throne
And left you here, companionless, alone?
If not, learn this brief fact (if not too late):
Man but discovers truth; God does create.
So Socrates and ancient Plato, too,
Brought out some philosophic truth to view.
Also an Archimedes' and Euclid's brain
Discovered truths of scientific strain.
So Christ and the Apostles in their time
Taught gospel truth in purity divine;
And down the ages will those truths extend,
Proclaiming, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

No bigotry from God's pure fountain flows;
No superstition, or blind error goes;
From man they spring; in darkness doubly deep;
He cannot stand erect; he yet must creep—

Creep upward, onward; all ye tribes that be,
Man yet may walk (though very slow to see),
Walk in the light when error's chains are riven,
And find a clearer sky, a brighter heaven.
O, for the age, when fetters here that bind,
Will not enslave the body or the mind;
When the unwise and all the skeptic clan
Will comprehend all truth conveyed to man.
God is the author of all things divine;
His laws extend to matter and to mind.
Embrace His truth if you would ever win,
And learn, "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT"—but sin.

THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

THE shadows of life, Oh! they come to us oft
When our sky is serene and our steppings are soft;
When the breezes that waft us are balmy and sweet,
And we ne'er dream of tempest or storm on the deep;
They come and becloud the bright sky of to-day,
And with full cup of anguish and tears and dismay,
We wonder why He who is wisdom and light
Should cause us to pass through the darkness of night.
We wonder if He who is wise and so great,
In permitting the cloud, did not make a mistake.

A mistake! Oh! methinks that with God there
is none;
As in days of bright promise a cloud will oft come
And bring in its darkness a blessing in rain,
So man, if he reasons and reasons not vain,
Will find in each shadow of life's flitting hours,
There's a hand that's divine in all of life's showers.
There's a hand that is faithful and loving and true,
That is guiding the SHIP through the waters of
blue;
Though fierce be the gale and unseen is the land,
Our compass is right if we cling to His hand;
Our barques will not strand whatever betide
On the ocean of time, if we cling to His side.
In God let us trust, and the clouds that annoy
Will cast for us shadows of peace and of joy!
And we'll find at the end of life's fleeting breath
There's a haven of rest from the shadow of death.

TRUE PEARLS.

TELL us not that pearls are scattered
Far beneath the dark blue sea,
That are richer than all others,
For we know it cannot be.

There are pearls that shineth brighter
Than the sun's clear, golden light—
Pearls whose brightness can't be hidden
As old ocean hides from sight.

Should you ask from whence these jewels,
We would answer, search and find;
Go not eastward, look not westward;
They are jewels of the mind.

Rich and poor alike can wear them;
They are not for outward show.
Though our forms may fade and perish,
Gems like these will brighter grow.

Look within thy soul, O mortal!
If 'tis pure and spotless there,
Thou hast pearls that in their beauty,
All things earthly can't compare.

Yes, thy soul! What is more precious?
By thy Maker it was given,
That it might with radiant brightness
Far outshine the stars in heaven.

But how many travel downward
In pollution's damning track,
Suffer what defiles to enter
Till too late to journey back.

Oh! Dear friend! How dare we think it—
That the soul of such vast worth
We may let it fade and perish
For the paltry things of earth!

Oh! Be wise, and well consider
That things earthly must decay,
But the soul which is immortal—
It will never pass away.

It will live through endless ages,
And, if we have kept it bright,
We may dwell in bliss forever,
Wearing pearls of purest white.

UNDAUNTED LOVE.

WHEN absent from the dearest one to me,
My heart is sad, no more is full of glee!
Let but her image come, 'twould cheer my heart,
And all my gloom and sadness would depart!

In two true, loving hearts a mystery lies—
Who can unfold it? Not the great or wise;
Akin to angels is the love they bear,
And nothing earthly can with it compare.

Though distant from each other they may be,
Their spirits mingle like the waves at sea;
Fierce storms may come and widely drift their barques,
Yet dearer still may grow true, loving hearts.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IN the village of Mont Cheri
Where the pretty women dwell,
Lived poor Rosalbine, the fairest,
And of all that land the belle.

Though she was the poorest maiden
In that country all around,
Not a young man in that region
But at Rosalbine's was found.

All the maidens of the village
Anxious were that she should wed,
For the suitors then would scatter
And seek other belles instead.

Then to select a son-in-law,
They the father sorely press;
Then he promised all the suitors
Who this wedding gift would guess.

Guess and find and bring to Rosal,
Such her heart and hand would hold,
And possess her love and beauty,
Though she had not land or gold.

"What's least durable, most ancient,
On the earth the most admired,
Speaks though voiceless and ill-treated,
And most useful when expired?"

When the father gave this riddle,
All the suitors pondered well,
And then scattered to the forest,
To the hillside and the dell;

Looking, searching, eager, anxious,
First the mystery to unfold—
Some asked others to unravel
"What's most ancient in this world?"

And the passer-by, with laughter,
To their faces made they fun;
Then they beat their heads and foreheads,
Pulled their hair and onward run.

Some to fortune tellers wandered,
The great secret to explore,
But they found themselves embarrassed
Far more deeply than before.

Who think you was in deep sorrow
While so wildly lovers search?
'Twas fair Rosalbine! She trembled
"Lest they'd leave her in the lurch;"

Lest some other than her lover
Masael (whom she dearly loved),
Should the riddle but discover
And a life-long sorrow prove.

Had she known the riddle's meaning,
She her lover would have told,
And secured at once the blessing
That comes not of land or gold.

To perceive the precious treasure,
Masael passionately wished,
But he did not as the others;
From his home he was not missed.

Worked he for his widowed mother,
Like a good and honest boy;
But the secret to discover
Was his wish, his hope, his joy.

When the lovers cried "I've found it!"
They unto the father came,
And the pretty maiden trembled
Till she learned they'd sought in vain.

Then she breathed more freely only
When the lovers bowed to part,
With their gifts refused, rejected,
And with sad and sorrowing heart.

One fine day while Masael working
In the field, he chanced to spy
Something like a fairy seeming—
'Twas a beauteous butterfly.

He had never seen such beauty
In a butterfly before;
Large of size, with gorgeous plumage,
On its head a crest it wore;

The young man, amazed, astonished,
As it circled round his head,
And his mind one thought possessing,
He to this fair creature said:

"Art thou a kind fay or fairy
Come from fairy land or dell
To take pity on my troubles
And to me the secret tell?

"If I've guessed your errand rightly,
Come and light upon my hand,
And with confidence and friendship
I will follow your command."

He had scarcely ceased his talking,
Put his hand out, when, behold!
The fair creature rested on it,
Looked and moved its wings of gold.

Then exclaimed the young man, "Surely,
Thou hast understood me quite!
Canst thou end my troubles quickly,
O, thou Fairy! Elfin! Wight!"

And the butterfly made answer,
Bowing head and body low:
"Wilt thou be my guide?" said Masael;
"I will follow where you go!

"Follow till I find the treasure
Asked for, searched for every hour;
Follow thee where'er thou leadest,
E'en to some enchanted bower!"

Masael ceased; when, lo! the fairy
Slowly toward the meadow flew,
And alighted on a flower
Of a bright and crimson hue.

Masael followed, looked and wondered!
"Patience!" said he to himself;
"Butterflies can't change their habits;
Soon again will fly the elf."

Then his guide above the flower
Flutters and toward heaven flies,
Upward like the lark—then downward—
To the flower of crimson—dyes.

"What!" cried Masael; "Shall we linger?
Let us quickly on our way!
Show me what's on earth most ancient
And least durable to-day."

While these words he softly utters,
Seized with inspiration's power,
He cried out, "I've found, I've found it!
It is even this, the flower!"

And he plucked it, pressed it fondly
To his heart now full of joy;
And the butterfly, still leading,
Many blossoms plucked the boy.

Soon o'er meadow they had wandered;
And a bouquet rare to find,
By the guide had been selected,
And each flower a different kind.

It was finished! And the fairy,
Like the lark, then upward flew,
And was lost from sight forever
In the sky of azure blue.

Quickly now to Rosal's father
Masael ran to win the race,
Gave the bouquet to the maiden,
And then said with hopeful face:

"This bouquet will solve the riddle;
It the wedding gift will be,
And at once secure me Rosal,
Who is all the world to me.

Flowers soon fade and are more ancient
On the earth the most admired,
Speak though voiceless and ill-treated
And most useful when expired.

Flowers for lovers have a language,
And they speak though always mute;
Nothing is more ancient, either—
First the blossoms, then the fruit.

Flowers are useful for the cattle
Grazing on the flowery mead;
Cruel is the scythe and mower
Who must take their life for feed."

Then the father said: "Now wed her!
Be my son-in-law to-day;
You the WEDDING GIFT have brought her—
'Tis this beautiful bouquet."

WINTER.

GO, Winter! We have had enough of thee!
We love to see the robin full of glee,
The blue-bird and the wren and noisy jay—
Your coldness drives their happiness away.

Go, Winter! Go, and do not tarry here!
The honey bee loves not your atmosphere;
You open not the buds and flowers to view,
And songsters sing no happy songs for you.

Go, Winter! Go and take your chilly breath!
Let Spring appear, and life will rise from death,
Then warm sunlight unclasp the living seed,
And growing germs will thrive on what they feed.

Then Evolution, the unfolding power,
With magic wand—the sunshine and the shower—
Makes earth to blossom like the Sharon Rose,
For Winter has departed with his snows.

THE WONDER CITY.

AWAKE! ye anxious sentient souls that be,
Behold the mighty moving human sea!
With hearts aglow with rapture and delight
Viewing the Wonder City, robed in white;
Whence came this throng? From every zone
and clime,
To view the grand achievements of all time,
Here Nations meet, in freedom's love embrace,
And fair Columbia shows her smiling face;
They bring their offerings, each their best in store,
That all may see, and learn, and KNOW the more.

Here art and skill and intellect combine,
And show what is within—can outward shine;
The arches, domes, and colonnades of white,
All thought illumined with Divinest light,
Reflect a radiance—unsurpassed, sublime!—
Whose rays will light the corridors of time.

Bright fountains send their rainbow colors high,
And search lights play across the evening sky;
The stars look down and twinkle in the blue,
The moon appears and beautifies the view,
And tongues of fire send toward the stars a glow,
And man sees visions of a heaven below!

O memory! linger—and with us abide;
Let not forgetfulness creep in and hide
These helpful recollections; soon will pass
And vanish as the dew upon the grass
This Wonder City, full of light to-day!
Still its UPLIFTING WILL NOT PASS AWAY,
But live as long as God gives light Divine,
Teaching all Nations how to UPWARD climb;
Give God the praise! Let all the Nations sing!
He is the *grand!* the WISE! and UNIVERSAL KING!

THE END.

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